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GUESSING CONTEST

We shall distribute \$500 in cash prizes as an extra premium to club-raisers. The competition consists in a guessing match as to the receipts of the United States Treasury Jan. 31 next. Guesses mus be received by Jan. 29, and every club raiser is entitled to one guess for each subscription sent in.

Full particulars will be found on page 5 of this issue

Some have already sent in their guesse and the record will be kept, although they need not hurry about putting in the guesses because any time will do for their reception by us up to the date mentioned above.

No opportunity should be lost, however to send in subscribers in order to have as many chances to guess as possible when the time comes.

The receipts for the United States Treas ury for last week were as follows: Monday \$2,917,318; Tuesday, \$1,449,135; Wednes day, \$1,955,709; Thursday, \$1,814,167; Friday, \$1,823,689; Saturday, \$1,965,360.

Corp'l Bob's Christmas Gift

--- TO HIS---

Old Missus, and How the Compliment Was Returned.

BY CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY.

We shall publish, next week, a written expressly for THE NA-Bowen.

THE way our officers are gathering in sannon, ammunition, muskets, and prisoners in the Philippines has a far-off resemblance to events immediately after Appomattox.

THE Macabebes promise well to become useful citizens of the Philippines. They fight well, are amenable to discipline, and can be trusted. They are a tribe which seems to have a future.

QUITE naturally, Mr. Roberts feels surthat the very foundation stones of our bulwark of liberty will be knocked out it he is denied his seat. He says that Utah is only the thin, entering wedge, and the greater States are sure to follow. Since the formation of our Government several hundred men who have been choked off parably more deserving of speedy action from Congressional salaries and mileage. have felt the same way, quite as strongly as Mr. Roberts, but somehow the bulwark of our liberties does not show a crack any-

THE Pension Bureau has no excuse for

INDIAN fighting in the Far West seems to have been pretty good schooling for work in the Philippines. Otis, Bates, Wheaton, Lawton, MacArthur, Schwan, and every other officer who has gained any prominence are all veteran Indian fighters who made good records fighting, chasing and overcoming far more dangerous foes than the Filipinos. If, for example, Sitting tenth as many Sioux as Aguinaldo had of had to be increased to 100,000 men.

by good indication as to the Southern presumably on the recommendation of on Expansion.

THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF PENSION EXPENDITURES.

Few who read and are influenced by the constant tirade against the "burden of pension expenditures" stop to reflect that there is a much greater fact to be offset against this. That is, the incalculable, incomputable, but nevertheless direct and positive, dollars-and-cents value of the periodical disbursements for pensions to the merchants, retail dealers of all kinds, physicians and professional men, the mechanies and artisans of the whole country. It is they who, in the end, receive the most benefit from pension expenditures. In a very little while every dollar of the \$140,000,000 annually paid out for pensions finds its way into the pockets of men who have stores and shops, large or small, who sell dry-goods, clothing, shoes, hats, groceries, meat, family supplies, drugs and medicines, who practice medicine or dentistry, who run blacksmith, carpenter or other shops, or who are, in short, doing anything useful for the community in which the pensioners live.

Entirely differing from any other class of Government creditors, the pensioners immediately spend every dollar that is paid them directly among their neighbors in the village where they reside. They are the very opposite of the bondholder, who takes his interest to pay the expenses of himself and family in Europe; or the contractor who locks his gold and greenbacks up in the vaults of a safety deposit company, or some other man who may expend his check on the sub-treasury in silks and diamonds and French wines. 'The pensioner's dollars are all for the prime necessaries of life, such as his neighbors around him make their living by supply-

The direct benefit of this to the business men and artisans of every village and town in the country is simply beyond computation or expressing. It is a mighty power to keep money in healthful circulation and promote general prosperity. Capitalists may get frightened, clutch all the money in reach and lock it up in vaults, bankers may put the screws on "accommodations," operators may plot to tighten the money market; strikes may occur to stop work and wages; mills may shut down; erops may fail; grasshoppers devour; floods waste and hurricanes devastate, but so long as pensions are paid there will be some ready money coming into town every three months, upon which business can be done. There will be money in circulation which will be independent alike of the manipulations of selfish financiers and the misfortunes to trades and agriculture.

Take, for example, the State of Ohio: There are 105,627 pensioners in the State who receive every year \$15,456,006.90. As there are SS Counties in the State, this would make an average of 1,200 pensioners to each County, and an average payment to each County of \$175.636. That is, the Treasury distributes among the people of each County in Ohio an average of \$43,906 every three months.

Can there be any overestimation of the benefits which flow to every merchant, every shopkeeper, every retail dealer, every mechanic, every artizan, of the quarterly payment of this great sum directly to the people of the County? There is not a man in the whole County, no matter what he does, or what business he is engaged in, but within a very short time after pension day gets some of this money in his pocket. Even if he is only a day-laborer he finds some one more ready to hire him and pay him good wages than he would be were it not for this.

And the certainty that this money will come-that it can not be prevented by Wall street panies, or bankers' schemes, or trade disturbances, or crop failures, enables men of all kinds to go ahead and make their arrangements with a degree of confidence which they otherwise would not have. From the quickness with which this money passes into circulation and from hand-to-hand among all classes, it does more good than millions would if doled out through the timid and stringent methods

Then there is the question of "the burden on the tax-payers." No matter what he may say for the purposes of argument, every decently informed man knows that the fund from which pensions are paid is not the slightest burden on any tax-payer. As a rule, the customs duties and internal revenue duties were imposed and are maintained more for the protection of American industry, and the regulation of certain traffics, than to secure the revenue. Take, for example, oleomargatine, from which the Government receives about \$2,000,000 a year. This tax was levied to restrain the production and sale of bogus butter and cheese, and the revenue part was a mere fiction. Before the war with Spain called for extraordinary expenditures, the Government had to find a way to return to the people the money it was obliged to collect to protect American manufactures, and to regulate the whisky, beer and tobacco trades. The people demanded that certain duties be imposed on imported goods, and on the distillation and sale of whisky, the brewing and sale of beer, and the manufacture and sale of bogus butter and cheese. What was done with the proceeds of those duties was a secondary question. The imposition of the duties was the main thing and in this they were resolute. The expenses of the Spanish war are now being rapidly met, and we shall soon return to the same condition. "The burden on the tax-payer" is the most absurd of partizan fictions,

In paying pensions the Government is not only meeting its just obligations to those to whom it is overwhelmingly indebted, but incidentally it has left upon the most effective way in which to return to the whole people, without partiality or favoritism, the money it is compelled by a mandate of the people to collect for economic and moral purposes.

WHY IT WAS DISAPPOINTING.

TIONAL TRIBUNE by Capt. Free years old. It began in 1893 when Cleve- hind the Secretary of the Interior. S. Bowley, 30th U. S. C. T., land, Hoke Smith, and Wm. Lochren author of the "Boy Lieutenant began their cruel work of disemboweling is far from being the only grievance, or the in a Black Regiment." The scene is laid in Virginia with the pension laws, and particularly the act of June 27, 1890. The bitterness increased number of solid bases for complaint. It scene is laid in Virginia, with as these men perfected their work, and by the Union troops besieging 1896 became an overwhelming sentiment, Petersburg, in December, 1864, which expressed itself most vigorously and the hero is Corp'l Bob at the polls. President McKinley, and all those who were candidates with him that year, sympathized with the discontent, and promised sweeping reforms if entrusted with power. They were suc cessful at the polls, and Henry Clay Evans was made Commissioner of Pensions. presumably to carry out the pre-election promises, "obliterate every vestige of Clevelandism, Hoke-Smithism, and Lochrenism," and restore the administration of the pension laws to what it had been under President Harrison, Secretary Noble and Commissioner Raum. Instead of doing this Mr. Evans has continued virtually every obnoxious rule, regulation, and practice of Lochren, and in many instances intensified and harshened them. It has been made even harder to get justice under Evans than it was under Lochren, now six years older, and therefore incom-

> on their claims. Naturally, therefore, the bitterness of

discontent has gone on increasing, and been sharpened by the feeling that the veterans and their widows have been the victims of ingratitude and deceit, Out of the multitude of well-sustained delay in the difficulty of obtaining a claim- allegations and charges against the adant's military record from the War Depart- ministration of the Pension Bureau the ment. According to the report of Gen. President selected but one for discussion Ainsworth, the Chief of the Record and and recommendation, and that one far Pension Office of the War Department, to from the most important. How much which those inquiries are referred, 96 per income a widow may have before it dis- The German and English papers were cent. of the cells received during the year qualifies her for a pension is, after all, of were answered within 24 hours of their much less consequence than the determinareceipt, and at the close of business at the tion not to allow her a pension at all, if it end of the year not one remained unan- can be avoided, and the quibbling about income is but one of the many devices emthis is not a matter for Presidential or Con-Bull had been able to rally around him one- Raum, a very able lawyer, and who had "mutual understanding." instead of alli-Filipinos, the Regular Army would have Revenue we ever had, saw no difficulty can object to that. They all stand for the THE way the people flocked to Nashville a year. At most the rule of \$96 was laid welcome the Tennessee regiment seems a down by Assistant Secretary Reynolds,

been any genuine desire on the part of In the hurry of going to press last week either the present Commissioner of Pensions in the President's Message that it "was distinctly disappointing."

Now we shall say why it was so.

The bitter discontent of the veterans and heir friends with the maladministration of the Pension Bureau is now made such a claim.

Sons or the Secretary of the Interior to get rid of it, they could have done so with the greatest ease and readiness. It is in the highest degree absurd to think that Congressional action is necessary.

Even Evans has not made such a claim.

Shiffless folks."

"Yo' must let me have him. Baz," said Brice Wolf, with set teeth. "Yo' done got Cunnel Bill Gilmartin, but I must have Ben Whitehouse. Yo' recolleck he done burned mydaddy's stable bekase he couldn't ketch me, an' arter he'd done kotched me he tucked me up an' whipped me." The their friends with the maladministration of Even Evans has not made such a claim the Pension Bureau is now more than six until recently, but sheltered himself be-

As we have said before, this, after all, does not touch the soul-wearing delays in adjudicating claims, the dreary maze of sharp, pettifogging quibbles and chicanery resorted to to defeat allowances and prevent veterans from getting what the law intends that they shall have. It does not approach the heart or motive of the 107,900 rejections which disfigured the records of the Pension Bureau last year, and carried sorrow to homes in every part

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

There is so much "bluff" and insincerity about European diplomacy that every utterance of a statesman or politician has to be carefully scrutinized to understand what it really means. But English statesmen usually keep much closer to the actual facts than those of Continental Nations. Naturally, therefore, Joseph Chamberlain startled the world with an announcement last week of an alliance of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. In though the veterans and their widows are the presence of such a league everybody else would have to take a back seat and sing small. Resistance to what it desired would be simply out of the question. With their wealth, limitiess resources, intellectual, moral, and physical, and their power to concentrate all of these upon a given object, no one country or combination of countries would think of seriously opposing them. The world would be at their feet to do with as they pleased. Naturally, such a statement provoked a flood of comment and criticism. The French Austrian, and Italian papers were very much excited, as they had reason to be. divided, some approving and the others disapproving. The American journals were more indifferent. Few of them be lieved it. There is little need or use for such an alliance on our part. With a ployed to defeat her claim. Still further, strong and efficient navy we can take care of ourselves and all that concerns us gressional action, but for the Secretary of without any assistance from anybody the Interior or the Commissioner of Pen- We have no business with anything that sions. Evans has been claiming that he goes on in Europe, and with the Nicaragua could not depart from the limitation, be- Canal dug, and enough ships to take care cause it was "a Departmental rule" -that of our communications with our island is, the work of his official superior, the possessions we can let the rest of the world Secretary of the Interior. This was a struggle out as best it can. Mr. Chamber cunning evasion, because Commissioner lain has since modified his statement to a been the best Commissioner of Internal ance. No one in the three great Nations in granting a pension to a widow, though highest development of true civilization, she might have an income of \$400 or \$500 and anything that they agree ought to be done in the promotion of that civiliza-

WOULD Aguinaldo have ever succeeded Commissioner Lochren, and if there had in organizing a real standing army?

tion will be accomplished.



Mission of Vengeance by the East Tennes-

The point at which the 200th Ind. had ed itself was not more than 300 the rebels. The two forces were leet from the rebels. so close together that the murmur of con-versation could be heard, and words spoken in a slightly higher tone were plainly

At that proximity, with the bright moon-light, and both lines filled with savagely alert men, the projection of so much as half an inch of the head, body, or limbs beyond the sheltering log was sure to bring a shot which would hit. The screen o edar bushes proved a better protection of the 200th Ind. than the head-logs were o their enemies. The slits under the head-ogs showed shifting lights and dark shad-ows, when those behind rose up, or neared hem, which the Indianians quickly learned o notice, and to get in fine shots. On the other hand, the cedar brush was confusing and the rebels soon grew weary of shooting at the shaking branches, when they real-zed that these were shaken purposely. order to draw their fire, and get them expose themselves to return shots. An angry outburst of firing had followed An angry outcorst of firing had no lowed the killing of the Colonel, but this was more passionate than well-directed, and cost the rebels far more injury than they inflicted. The 200th Ind. kept closely under cover, and took instant advantage of any wrathful recklessness on the part of

their fees.

The number of casualties among the rebels soon tamed them down, and their

rebels soon tamed them down, and their firing ceased, except when the irrepressible Pete, Sandy, Monty, Harry, Gid and Alf would stir things up by shaking the bushes, and talking loudly, as if the regiment were preparing for a charge. So soon had even those fresh, green school-boys become accustomed to the continuous, close, bloody, desperate work of the long Atlanta campaign that they regarded Atlanta campaign that they regarded tricking the rebels into firing a fruitless volley as a lively practical joke.

There was none of this boy-play, however, for the East Tennesseeans. There was no room in their hearts for aught but block reproduit thoughts. At last had

black, vengeful thoughts. At last had come a chance to wreak their rankling hatred upon men who had been persecuting them and theirs for years. It was unbearable to them that the men over there actually lived, and when they recognized a voice there are with it huming memories. voice there came with it burning memories a voice there came with it burning memories of insults and wrongs that made them as fierce, cunning, and artful as hungry panthers to slay the men they heard speak. "Ole Majah Ben Whitehouse's done tuck command o' the rijimint," Basil Peters explained to Si, as they listened to the orders. "He's a mouty sight pizener'n ole Cunnell Bill Gilmartin. Bill Gilmartin could be half-white at times 'specimartin could be half-white at times, 'specially when he had only about three jiggers o' likker aboard, and felt jist good an' comfortable like. But Majah Ben Whitehouse hain't no streak o' goodness in him at any time, no more'n a rattlesnake has He's a lantern-jawed, flint-hearted lawyer with no more red blood in him than a snake His front testli, long and white, stick out like a snake's when he's a-gwine ter strike. an' Ben's allers ready ter strike. He's an Ben's allers peady ter strike. He's
got little red eyes jist like a snake's, fur
they never seem ter shet. Ben comes
from the po' white trash up on the headwaters of the Holston. Them big rebel'round Knoxville done tuck him up, an'
made him think that he wuz somebody,
no' be done pays 'em by bein' meaner',
no' be done pays 'em by bein' meaner', an' he done pays 'em by bein' meaner' a catamount ter respectable Union peopl down in the valleys, who nacherolly de-spised him an' his ornery, rang-diggin' shif'less folks."

Tennesseean's sanow thought of the cruel indignity.

"Yes, he's yore meat. Yo' kin have him," returned Peters. "But be moutly sho' yo' git him. I feel as if we'uns orten ter go ter sleep as long as he cumbers the

"That's his voice now," hissed Brice Wolf, "but he's safe behind that e'er twin oak jist beyant the works."

Thin, nasal tones floated from the di

"Keep cool, men. Don't shoot until you're certain of hitting something. Lay low, and save your cartridges. We hain't none to waste, and no Yankee alive's worth more'n one. Let him have it just where it'll settle him." rection indicated:

"I'm laying fer yo', Ben Whitehouse "mangy red fox," shouted Brice Wolf. Tve got an account ter settle with yo' Hit's me, Brice Wolf." "O, you needn't tell me who you are, you

Hiawassee alligator," returned the othe scornfully, "I'd know that dry-axle screed of yours among a thousand. I'm layin' for you, too, and I'll get you, too. Stiggins, you and Mapes keep a special watch for that Lincolnite deserter, and put his light

out at the first opportunity."

The men indicated fired a couple of shots in obedience to this order, aiming at the sound of Wolf's voice, who laughed sarically at their failure to hit him. "He stuck his ugly mug out atween the

orks o' that 'ere twin oak when he the order, Brice," said Baz. "But he tuck hit back so quick I didn't git no chance "But he tuck to shoot. If he does hit agin, I'm a-gwine ter git him without regard ter yore first

The gentle wind that had been blowing suddenly increased to a gust, which brought up a mass of black clouds, quenching the bright moonlight in a thick pall of inky darkness. Then the rain b in torrents. It rained most time on the Atlanta campaign, but this was one of the deluges that came up un-expectedly, and seemed to drop oceans of water within a few minutes. Every one cowered under it, to wait until it spen its force. But it continued as if it would But it continued as if it would The men crawled out of the never quit. ditches, and lay flat on the ground, with their guns and their precious cartridge boxes under them, as the best protection boxes under them, as the best protection they could give their ammunition. In the midst of the noise of the dashing rain came a voice from the works in front; "Say, Yanks, air yo'une drownded out?" "Mighty nigh," answered Si. "How is it with you?"

drownded. What do riumb drowneed. What do youns say ter a King's ex till yo'uns and we'uns kin dreen off the water. No shootin' till the rain's over?"

"All right," answered Si promptly.

"You stay inside your works, and we'l stay inside our'n. We want to do a little ainage ourselves."
"All right. Hit's a go. No shootin

now till we pass the word, and we'uns 'l

In a moment everybody on both side sprang up, and with shovels, picks, bayonets, half-canteens, case-knives, and what ever other implements were handy, began cutting ditches to drain away the water which filled the trenches behind the lines, and threatened to literally drown them. They worked hard as long as the rain lasted, and succeeded in getting clear of all the water but that which was falling.

Presently the rain ceased almost as sud-denly as it had begun, the clouds drifted away, and the moon came out brightly revealing the two lines standing up behind heir works, looking curiously at each "Much obliged, Johnnies," said Si with a

wave of his hand. "But hunt your holes. We're goin' to begin business agin." "All right, Yank," said the other, as the line dropped behind the bank. "So long. We'uns 'll see yo'uns later." Both sides fired sputtering volleys to

Both sides fired sputtering volleys to show that the little truce was ended, and also to see whether their guns would go off.

house when the moon come out," said
Brice Wolf, as he settled himself into the
mud in the ditch. "He's behind them than
twin oaks fur sartain. He jumped back
behind 'em when the Sarjint hollered.
I'll git him yit, for sho', dod blast his ornery
house when the moon come out," said
afforded additional protection. The main
thought have noticed
the opening made by the gulch, and have a
squad stationed to fire along its length.
On this they would have to take their
the dames. The abatis on the banks
afforded additional protection. The main
thind, with the light of vengeance in his
eyes. "Than he is," he continued, with the light of vengeance in his
eyes. "Than he is, jest as I thought. I
was half-afeared I'd dreamed hit. I'd
dreamed hit so often afore I was able ter do
hit, that I was afeared I'd dreamed hit agin.
Lay me down agin. Good-by."

Basil Peter's attention, and he crawled over to examine it. He presently came back on his hands and knees, and said to Brice Wolf:

Something to the far right attracted to Shorty.

"Well, if they have, they have, that's all," returned his partner. "We've got to take the risk. It's worth it. War's risky business of less don't

"Thar's a gully over thar that runs Thar's a gally over that that clean acrost they uns's lines inter our'n. Hit's now runnin' bank full o' water, like a tail-race. They'uns had hit full o' brush and truck, but now that's swep' down inter a big pile agin our lines, leavin' the gully free a' everything but water. the gully free o' everything but water. The banks air deep enough ter screen a man, and if yo' wait a little bit till the seeans Leads to the Breaking of the Rebel water runs out some, yo' kin snake along under kivver o' the banks, an' come ter whar I think yo' kin have the dead-wood on Majah Ben Whitehouse, a-settin' behind them twin oaks. By rights, I orter have the fust shy at him, sence I found the way, but I'll let yo' go fust, an' I'll foller, and try ter git the drop on Cap'n Jack

Wines, who's the next in rank; kill Ben Whitehouse." He wiped off his gun and began carefully loading it.

"What's that you say about that gulch cuttin acrost their lines?" asked Si, with cuttin' acrost their lines?" asked Si, with deep interest, and edging around a little to get a good view of the rushing torrent believe in my soul it does, but it's full water now, and you can't do nothin "But the water 'Il run out in half an

mud waitin' and watchin' and pot-shootin's intense fatigue, and gone to sleep. gittin' mighty monotonous. I want a "Hit's Madison Simms," Brice Wolf gittin' mighty monotonous. I want a

"I ketched sight o' Majah Ben White- from either side. The abatis on the banks pered Brice. "Yes, thar he is," he con-

"They may have a whole company layin' Something to the far right attracted for us at the head o'the gulch," Si whispered

Fixing their layonets, and capping their fresh-loaded guns, the Tennesseeans, one by one, let themselves down into the water. and began creeping forward with the stealthy noiselessness of their Indian and panther-hunting forefathers. Their foot-"I'll go hit," said Brice Wolf, "I'll go to noise of the water, and they hugged the grates o' hell fur a good, fa'r chance ter dark left bank so closely that they seemed ill Roy Whitelease." steps did not make a break in the rushing part of the swaying shadows of the brush

and weeds.
Si and Shorty tried to follow as stealthily but it seemed that the splash they made

"But the water 'll run out in half an hour or so, if it don't rain no more," sug-gested Shorty, who began to see possi- mud, which made it untenable for those "Couldn't a lot of us slip along under over o' the banks, and git where we could probably the rebels were behind that, take them fellers in the rear and rattle 'em for goodness' sake, while the boys let into 'em from the front?" suggested Si.

either watching their front, or else succumbing to weariness and sleep. Nearby on the left lay a man with his gun-barrel



"I'M LAYIN' FER YO,' BEN WHITEHOUSE," SHOUTED BRICE WOLF.

"Look hyah, Mister," said Peters, jeal-ously," I done found that that place, and've got the fust right ter hit. Hit's fur me an' Brice thar. If yo'uns all go stompin' over thar, like a bunch o' steers, yo'uns 'll spile everything. Let me and Brice go, an' arter we'uns air through our work, o'uns kin do what yo' please. But keep uiet. Don't go cavortin' around, an' quiet.

drawin' they'uns 's attention ter the place. "All right, you and your partner shall go first," said Si, who had come back. "The Captain says that is we think there is a chance we kin try it. When we git ready, he'll have a fire opened up at the other end o' the line, to draw their attention." other end o' the line, to draw their atten-tion. But I don't know as that's neces-sary. If they're as tired and sleepy as the boys on this side, they won't be keepin' a sharp lookout anywhere, and that chance is in,our favor. It's nigh midnight, now, and they must be mighty sleepy, after the racket we've bin givin' 'em all day."

al shots far away to the right and left by dozing men, fallen asleep under overpowering fatigue, which yet could not banish the haunting sense of danger.

The moon, large as a cart-wheel, and glorious in her fullness, flooded the damp earth with her silvery light, and seemed to breathe love, and peace and gentleness at variance with the tumult and

strife of the day.
Si remembered that the moon shone just that way over the wet fields at home, on night after a welcome rain which put nev ife into the corn and wheat, and he walked home with Annabel down the lane which led from his father's house to her father's Puddles of water lay along the ground, as now, and he felt the first flushings of hi young love and care for her, as he guide ner steps past them, and helped her over the her steps past them, and helped her over the worst places. And there had been some-thing thrilling in the sweetly responsive way in which she yielded to and accepted his guidance and help. It was the definite beginning of the feeling that they belonged one another, and would travel thus down that infinite lane which leads to eternity He put his hand in his bosom and touche Annabel's picture, as he had grown into the habit of doing, when face-to-face with imminent crises. His last thought would

be of her before the whirlwind of action which would end God alone knew how. Something of the same thoughts possessed Shorty. For a few minutes he took his eyes off the line in front, sat upright behind his bushy screen, closed them, put his hand on the precious packet which contained his souvenirs of Maria, and abandoned himself to thoughts of her, now sleeping in maidenly beauty and innocence in that dear old farmhouse in the Valley of the Wabash. Dominant over every other was the burning question asked himself a hundred thousand times, "How much and in what way does she care for me?" and the ever-recurring answer, "It don't make no difference. I'd give more for her least liking than the most any other girl could

His thoughts were broken in upon b Basil Peters crawling up and whispering: "Thar's four on we'uns a-gwine ahead. Fust Brice, then me, then Wils Brooks, then Eph Young." h Young."
That puts me and Shorty too fur be

hind," demurred Si. "We're non-com-missioned officers, and by rights orter go first, but I give way to you and Brice. on't to no more,"
"But, Mister," pleaded Basil Peters

we four've each got a man we'uns air achin' ter git. We'uns mayn't be likely ter git 'em in the jinerul ruction. Let we'uns go fust and git 'em sho' and hard, and then o'uns kin have all the rest. Yo'uns kin le in the whole army then, if you keer

"Well, go ahead," yielded Si.
"Here, Pete," said Shorty, waking that youth from his uneasy slumber in the mud, "you and Sandy stay back and take care of the blankets and haversacks. Harry, wake up Monty, Alf and Gid there, and crawl along behind me and Si. Don't make no more noise than a cat. Sandy, slip down to the Orderly-Sergeant, and tell him we're startin'.' "I want to go. too," begged Pete.
"No," said Shorty authoritatively.

stay behind. Somebody must stay hind, and as this is man's work it'd better "You always make me stay behind,

almost whimpered Pete.

The brushwood and stuff which had been washed out of the gulch formed a big clump against the Union line, and behind this the four Tennesseeans and Si and Shorty gathered. Lying flat on the ground in their rear were Harry. Alf. Gid and in their rear, were Harry, Alf, Gid and Monty, and others of Co. Q, as they awak-ened, crawled along to places in the rear, ready for an instant rush.

ready for an instant rush.

Si carefully surveyed the gulch, as far as he could, without attracting the notice of the rebels. It was a yard or more wide, and probably three feet deep, with rough, jagged banks, that would be a good protection to those crawling up, from the fire

ness, at best, and one risk more or less don't matter."

The gulch had been running nearly bank full, but the water had now subsided until it was less than a foot in depth, but still coursing with great force and noise, "Better resk hit now," said Basil Peters, impatiently probing the water. "The longer we wait the more chances there'll be agin we uns, and the longer them skunks 's a-livin'. Let's git at 'em."

"To ahead," answered Si.
Fixing their bavonets, and capping their

ust arouse the rebels.

Brice Wolf slipped around the ragged edge cut by the water in the rebel bank, and secred cautiously right and left. To the right there was no one for some distance "The roarin' water 'd keep 'em from the rearin' water 'd keep 'em from thrust through the crack under the head-hearin' the noise we'd make," said Shorty, log. He had been watching a chance for a "I'm up for anything. This layin' in the shot, when he had been overcome with

change that got's some life in it to wind up this pleasant moonlight night. Go over to the Captain, Si, and ask him to let us try it."

"Look hyah, Mister," said Peters, jeal-himself noiselessly up on to the bank and lay there for an instant, as if he was one of the defenders of the line. Then, as the others crept onward he edged over toward his enemy, and suddenly rising, plunged his bayonet through the sleeping man's

back, sank to the earth again, and crawled over to rejoin his companions.

He came to them, halted in a clump of weeds and briars growing out of the rank

asleep, too."
"I've done seed him," said Eph, bringing

his gun to his shoulder.

"And thar's mine," said Brice Wolf, with Dead stillness reigned along the lines, only broken by the sound of the water rushing through the gully, and occasionter shoot him. I want him ter know jist who sends him ter ole Beelzebub. an' what hit was fur, an' ter carry my picture along with him, ter remember me when he's a roastin'. Don't none of yo' shoot yit fur minute or two. I'm a-gwine right up ter

im, an' waken him, an sock my bayonet inter him.

He got down and crawled up near to where the Major sat behind the trees dozing. Then he stood up before his victim, and brought the butt of his musket down on a nter him. dry branch at his feet with such force as to oreak it. The Major started, rubbed his eyes and awoke. Not recognizing the form efore him he said:

"What are you doing away from the lines? Go back to your place at once, and

stay there."
"I ain't a-gwine back, Majah Ben White ouse," said the Tennesseean in a savage whisper, "but you're a-gwine whar you whisper, didn't expect ter, yo' murderin' villain. Hit's me, Brice Wolf, what yo' tucked up an' licked like yo' would a black nigger.

Know me, now, yo' devil's imp?"

The Major instinctively reached for hi revolver, but as his hand touched the holster, Brice Wolf drove his bayonet through him with such force that the point ntered the hard wood behind and re-nained firmly fixed. Brice twisted the gun out of the bayonet, and strode back

oward the rest.
"This is too much like cold-blooder nurder," said Si, who had been ranging his boys, as they came up, where they could open fire on the rear of the rebel line. "I open fire on the rear of the rebel line. "I an't stand it. I won't stand it. I believe n givin' even rebels a chance for their Hooray for Injianny!" he shouted top of his voice. "Hooray for the at the top of his voice. "Hooray for 200th Injianny Volunteer Infantry. ip, rebels, we're onto you."

With that he fired into the rebel line, and

he rest followed his example, eters and Eph Young fired with deadly im upon their victims, and the wh O. Q came streaming up the gulch, fol-owed by the other companies, while the est of the brigade, at first opened fire from rest of the brigade, at first opened fire from their fronts, but then seeing the fight going on in rear of the rebel lines, sprang forward, made their way through the abatis, and speedily joined the 200th Ind., which was unning the surprised and discomfited ebels back to their second line, where fresh rbops were rushing to their assista

Realizing, with quick soldierly instinct, that they had gone as far as they could, the brigade gathered up their prisoners, and fell back to the line they had just captured, for protection against the increasing volum of fire poured upon them.

A few steps from the works Eph Young fell like a log with a shot through his head, and Brice Wolf fell almost on top of him, from a bullet through his chest. and Basil Peters picked him up and carried him over the bank to shelter. Si stayer outside until he was sure all his boys were sack, and then leaped over, and began helping the rest "turn the works" and put m in shape for facing the other way The early morning dawned before they go his completed, and then Si and Si began to take an account of what had hap

They found Brice Wolf lying motionle im, who forced a little stimulant into his outh and revived him.
"He can't live but a little while," said the

Surgeon; "there's no use taking him back.
"What's that you say, Mister, that I'm a dyin'?" feebly inquired Wolf.
"Yes, I'm very sorry to say that you have only a few minutes more to live. Any

thing that you want to say?"
"I done killed Majah Ben Whitehoose for sho', didn't I?" asked Brice, "Yes, you certainly killed him," Shorty. "He's settin' right over

where he was when you struck him.

(To be continued.)

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Americans Pushing the Insurgents in All

A special cablegram from Hongkong Dec. 5 said that Filinian from Hongkong that Aguinaldo is ready to surrender if Consul Wildman will receive him at Manila. The dispatch adds that the Filipino Junta at Hongkong was in communication with Aguinaldo last week, and advised him to brow himself on the mercy of the United

Dispatches from Manila Dec. 7 stated that xpectation of catching Aguinaldo in the north had been practically abandoned, and the probability now is that he will turn southward if he is not already there, with his destination Cavite Province, his home, where the insurrection began, and where it still has its greatest strength.

There are 3,000 insurgents before Imus and Bacoor, keeping the Americans sleep-ing on their arms, and nightly awaiting attack. The Filipinos have several car

non.

The dispatches also stated that the American forces in the north have separated into many small commands, and are pursuing bands of Filipinos. Gen. Macsuing bands of Filipinos. Gen. MacArthur is engaged in clearing the mountain
country west of the Manila-Dagupan
Railroad. Gen. Grant is moving from
Angeles toward Subig with 400 men. Col.
Bell is sweeping south from Mangatarem.
Col. Hood with the 16th regiment and
cavalry, and Gen. Lawton, with a force
from San Isidor, are operating against
Gen. Pilar's army in the San Mateo Valley.
Mai. Batchelor, with a battalion of the Maj. Batchelor, with a battalion of the 24th Inf., is making a daring expedition. He left Bayombong, province of Neuva Vizcaya, to march through Cagayan Valley to the north coast of Luzon, intending to reach Aparri at the mouth of Cagayan Pirar the mouth of Cagayan River, the most important northern scaport of the island. When he arrives at Aparri

he will find a gunboat awaiting him.

On the same date Otis cabled after a
week's campaign in the interior, that
Young reported his arryial at Vigan on the Young reported his arryial at vigation a evening of the 5th, having encountered a force of the enemy at Narbacan, 12 miles south of the city, whom he drove to the eastward of the same into San Quentin Canyan. His troops are now pressing them back. The country is extremely and strongly intrenched. Our cast rough and strongly intrenched. Our casualties were one killed and 12 wounded, wounds mostly slight. Enemy left in trenches 25 dead, a few rifles, several thousand rounds small ammunition, and 40

shrapnel.

Gen. Otis's dispatch on Dec. 8 did not coincide with the previous view of correspondents that there was little expectation
of capturing Aguinaldo. He stated that
Col. Hare, of the 33d Inf., took Bangued on Dec. 5, and was in pursuit of the in-surgents on the road southwest to Lepanto, thence to Bontoc, by which route Aguinaldo and 300 insurgents are supposed to be re-treating with the American prisoners. The town of Bontoc lies in the mountain fastness about 50 or 60 miles southeast of

This indicated that Aguinaldo had been headed off to the northward for the first time, and compelled to retrace his steps He came to them, halted in a clump of weeds and briars growing out of the rank soil by the edge of the swale.

"I sent him the trip," he said in a low drawl. "He never kicked. Didn't know what hurt him. Baz, your man, Cap Wines, is a-settin' over thar on a rock, fast asleep."

"I've done seed him," said Peters, significantly.

"And your'n, Eph, Tomps Young, is a-settin on another rock ter his right, fast asleep, too."

toward the south. It was stated that in his line of march was a considerable American force at Bayombong; to the westward of that point Wheaton's force, and to the east of Bayombong an almost impassible mountain range; Young behind him; Col. Hare close in his rear.

On Dec. 9 dispatches from Manila stated that Gen. Gregoria de Pilar, commanding Agninaldo's body-guard, was killed by Maj. Peyton C. Marc's battalion of the 33d Inf., in a fight 18 miles northwest of Cervantes, Dec. 3. toward the south. It was stated that in his

PERSONAL.

The President has directed that a Congressional medal of honor be pre to Col.J. Franklin Bell, 36th U. S. Vo most distinguished gallantry Sept. 5, 1899, near Porac, Luzon. Col. Bell, seeing that a number of insurgents were about to escape from his scouts, who were pursuing them, rode rapidly forward alone, inter-cepted them, and though at least 100 yards in advance of his own men, scattered the insurgents, captured a Captain and two privates, and finally brought about the surrender of the entire party all in the

ace of a fire from the concealed enemy Maj.-Gen. W. B. Franklin, for many years President of the National Board of Managers for the Home for Disabled Volun-teers, has resigned on account of advancing age and ill-health.

A story is being extensively published that Maj. John A. Logan was killed by his own men. The story goes that Logan had made himself very unpopular with his men, and this culminated in his ordering a dog, which was the mascot of one of the companies to be thrown overheard, while an panies, to be thrown overboard, while on the transport, because the dog had whipped a bull-dog which was Logan's property and pet. The family strenuously deny the

tory. THE COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS. The Omaha Bee says, editorially:

The widespread dissatisfaction respect and the widespread dissulstaction respect-ing the regulations of the Pension Office t has been very clearly shown the Com-missioner is not responsible for. That official has invited the most thorough inrestigation of the regulations and has shown in a way that should convince all fair-minded men that the greatest care has been taken to fulfill the requirements of the laws as they have been construed by the Department and to deal justly with deserving applicants for pensions. That there has been delay in passing upon applications is unquestionably true, but this was necessary for the protection of the Government. The Commissioner of Pensions is called upon to consider the interests of the Government as well as those of the lating the formula of the control of the con laimants for pensions, and in order that no wrong be done the Government a thorough investigation of all claims is necessary. That here has been any delay except as required by such investigation has not been nown and probably cannot be. This is absolutely incorrect. The Com-

nissioner of Pensions is distinctly and inmistakably responsible for all the obstructive regulations in the Pension Bureau. They are the work of William Lochren continued and improved on by Henry Clay Evans. This has been shown up a thousand times in the most convincing way. The G.A.R. Committee on Pensions have found it so, and so reported to each of the three National Encampments held since Mr. Evans entered office. The report to the Philadelphia National Encampment was a crushing arraignment of Evans's maladministration.

Nor is it true that the Committees' inrestigation exonerated Mr. Evans. It was just the reverse. The Committee at its last visit found abundant testimony to sustain on the ground, and brought the Surgeon to all the allegations made against the Commissioner, and laid this before the President.

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expects that "American civilization, whisky

and wholesale slaughter" will solve tho

Cuban question by killing off the under sirable elements. Send in your clubs now. You

have a chance at that \$500 for in see him from here."
"Raise me up an let me see him," whisevery name sent in. See page S.